Nichola Johnson poems from her book:

Sleeping with the Beloved: 108 Writings of Devotion https://www.sharedwisdom.org_



Published in 2016, Sleeping with the Beloved is a written expression of one pilgrim's spiritual journey towards the Divine. Written as an outpouring of love for the unfurling which occurs when we abandon thought and fall openhearted into the unknown.

A compilation of devotional writings, in poetic form, which emerged over a two year period. They are the inner stirrings of the author as she traversed the circuitous path of the seeker.

Inspired by the intersection of the mundane and the divine which she experienced as the expression of life in India and through her teacher Sadhguru, Nichola simply allowed the flow of words to tumble onto the page.

Not censoring or reordering, rather accepting the words in the manner in which they appeared. It was a devotional practice to receive the gift of words through the heart without invoking the mind in critical review.

The writings are divided into sections based on the inspiration for each writing. Let this book inspire you to dare into your own journey of mystery and wholeness.

Devotion

Devotion might cost you your life.

For there is no release from the grip of just one brush with Bliss.

It permeates the depth of your soul,

holding you hostage for a trickle of the nectar.

The sweetness an aphrodisiac for the pulse of aliveness.

You sell your sanity in return for the fragrance of ecstasy.

Promising devotion to the gods and goddesses who sentry the golden gates to eternity.

A Mother's Arms

It is not possible to measure the strength of a mother's arms...

for they are formed from God's eyelashes;

Dropping silently through eternity as he cries tears

of compassion for the journey he knows she must undertake.

For the depths she must fall to catch her children before touching the edge.

For the wandering she must survive without knowing the truth.

The Beloved bows to the darkness necessary

to illuminate the Love in a mother's heart.

The Tent and the Altar

I am passing through a green and lush valley with only my tent and altar to carry.

Nightly I pitch my tent upon the hallowed ground of Spirit.

Raising an altar into the sacred space where humanity greets Divinity.

My prayers open the floodgates and ancient ones permeate the air around me.

In weighted silence I mark time for the continued measure of Presence and recline in deep and penetrating gratitude.